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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

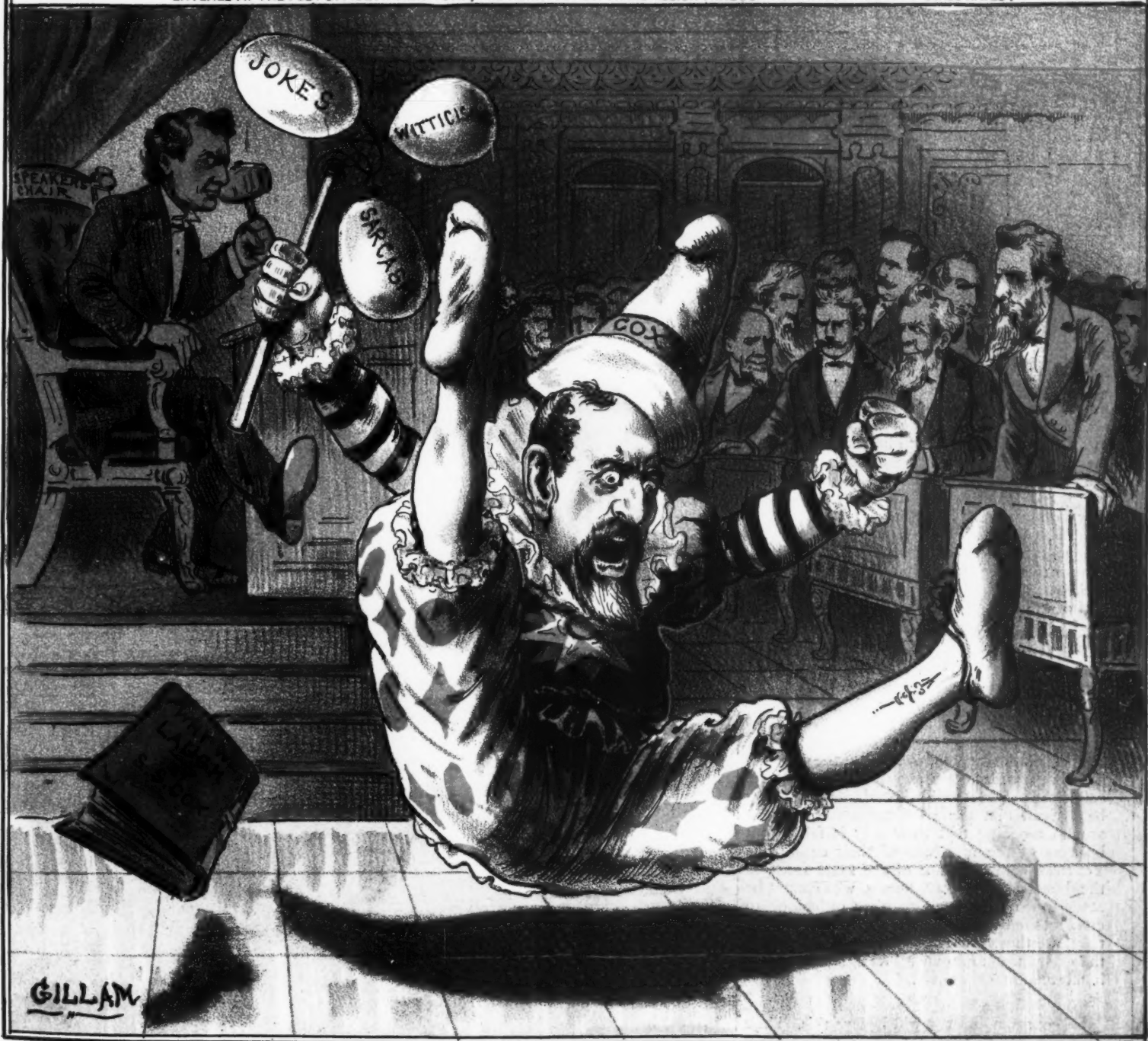
# Puck

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HE MISSED THE CHAIR, BUT HE HAS THE FLOOR.



## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It used to be said of the occasional unsatisfactory American that he was a nice man, but he couldn't keep a hotel. We fear it must be said of the average American wife that she is a nice woman, but she can't keep a private house. No women in the world spend so much money on their households, or have such absolute independence of action; and no women in the world can show such hopelessly bad domestic service. There are exceptions; there are families where the daughters are brought up in good old housewifely traditions, and know how to manage the home guard and maintain discipline and direct labor; but it is not an exaggeration to say that half the wives in America pass half their time in complaining of their troubles with their servants. The other half of the wives live in hotels.

Why are they living there? Because there they have done for them what they cannot do for themselves. Their wants are ministered to by a vast corps of servants, of all sorts and conditions, kept in good and efficient order by a few superior minds. Considering the nature of their tasks, the frequent over-work, the unhome-like atmosphere, these servants may fairly be called dutiful and well-behaved. And it may be noticed that the hotel-keepers do not sit around moaning that their hair is falling out because of the misdeeds of their employees. Yet these employees are of the same stock as the domestics in private houses, who cannot be made to do their work, to obey orders, or to conduct themselves civilly and decently. Why, then, are they so much more useful in a hotel than they are in a home? Well, because, in a hotel, men manage them.

Of course, no woman will believe this. Their only response to the assertion is: "Well, then, why don't you men manage them at home?"

This might be met by the explanation that men do not marry to keep house for their wives. But it is quite sufficient, and wholly to the point, to confess that no man short of a field-marshal could manage the domestic servant who has been spoiled by a long succession of mistresses. It is really a question whether it will not be necessary to get rid of the whole breed, as it is at present, and start afresh.

Our servants have been spoiled, the most of them, by women who are too lax in essentials and too exacting in trifles. Our American women are too much in the kitchen doing what should be done in the parlor. They slip into a half confidential familiarity with their servants; and when these relations are abused, they scold. Scolding is the death of discipline. Then they have no sense of proportion. Bad dinners are swallowed in silence, the crime of mutiny is condoned, the family washing is skimmed, and the family never can have the free use of the family rooms, lest a little extra work be thrown on the servants. Yet let these same servants put a pillow-sham on awry, leave a vase undusted, give a half-a-pie to the cousin who comes to see them, or stay out ten minutes after ten at night—and the house rings with reproaches and lamentations—pretty music for the home-coming husband. Perhaps, after all, the women might learn something, in this one matter, from the men.

We learn from our E. C. the *Sun* that Mr. Holman intended to support Mr. Cox for the Speakership. This must have been good news for Mr. Cox, and probably the only real support he had. We have reason to approve of Mr. Cox's candidature, because he is a humorist and the author of the book, "Why We Laugh." But he is not likely to be—or to have been—elected to the position, although we dare say he would make as good and as efficient a Speaker as any of the other candidates, or as any honest member of the House. This fight for the Speakership, as we have pointed out before, is unseemly and ridiculous, and a dis-

grace to our institutions. The office ought to carry no more power with it than is possessed by the foreman of a jury.

Everybody who has made a study of mythology knows that the queer "crittur" called the Sphinx was the founder of the original minstrel jokes and conundrums. It is also said, although we have never verified the rumor, that all the ancient Sphinx jokes are stored in the cellars of the London *Punch* office, and regularly appear in the columns of that solemn publication. The supply is reported as being inexhaustible. But the Sphinx's rations ran out and the Sphinx herself committed suicide, because she got mad with *Cædipus* for answering all her conundrums. Fuller particulars regarding this interesting tragedy will be found in our cartoon. For artistic purposes, we have taken the liberty of labeling *Cædipus* "The Independent Party who is to Settle the Tariff Question."

It was a lovely twilight. The kind of twilight that winds up a gray day, and is put on canvas and sold for seventy-five dollars. The trees were motionless, and unseen fairy fingers seemed to be closing the flowers, and hurling a sort of purple coverlet over the windy field.

Two pedestrians were walking along the road contemplating the poetic beauty of the scene, and it is only fair to say that they were both greatly impressed and imbued with it.

"I wonder how that pair of overalls happened to get away up there?" said the painter, pointing to the topmost branches of a leafless button-bail.

"Them ain't overalls," replied the poet, dreamily:

"that's a peacock."

"No, it's not!" replied the painter, warmly: "that's a pair of overalls. You don't know anything."

"Yes, I do!"

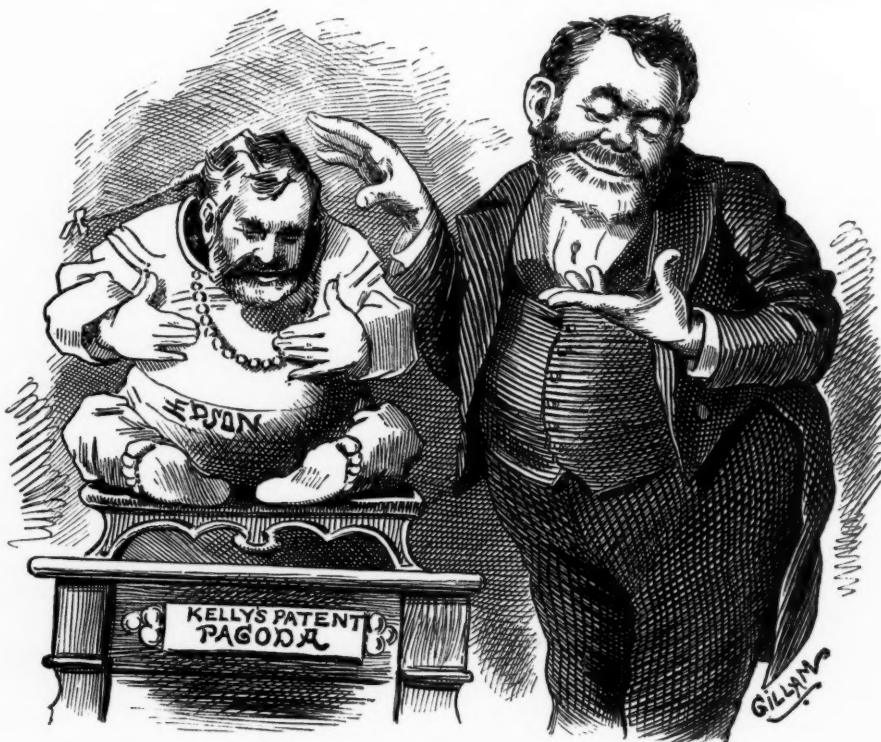
"What do you know?" asked the painter.

"I know this," said the poet: "I know that PICKINGS FROM PUCK is a most hilarious publication, and that it is now in its seventh edition, and is selling so fast that the presses have to be kept running all night, and it is only twenty-five cents a copy."

"So that's all you know?" asked the painter: "Everybody knows that."

PICKINGS FROM PUCK may now be had of all news-dealers in the city for the modest sum of twenty-five cents. By mail, to any part of the United States, for thirty cents.

## IN UNANIMITY THERE IS STRENGTH.



THE DEAR LITTLE DUMMY WILL SAY "YES" EVERY TIME.

## A STATUE SNARL.

The rain had ceased for awhile. The visiting military organizations were already on their way home to change their wet uniforms for dry citizens' clothes. The old fire-laddies had hung up their helmets and housed their engines. Descendants of Revolutionary heroes were dining at Delmonico's. Few people were in the streets. All were glad to get to their warm, comfortable homes after the weary experiences and watery terrors of Evacuation Day.

The policemen on their solitary beats were tired after their labor, and their clubs hung listlessly from their numbed hands. He must have been a very drunken man whom any one of them would have considered it worth while to club or to lock up in a cell for disorderly conduct.

On the dank atmosphere, soon after the stroke of midnight, two deep bass voices might have been heard. They seemed to come out of the misty shadow and gloom that were pendent over the city like a vast pall. A PUCK reporter was there, of course. A PUCK reporter is everywhere. He listened for a moment. Then he waited as a rattling Broadway car dragged its slow length along Union Square. Soon after he was conscious of the fact of being in the presence of a tall human figure whose garments glittered in the searching, but glimmering light. Then was the shadow thrown on the PUCK man of what at first sight appeared to be a gigantic Centaur; but the outlines soon became clearer, and revealed a man of commanding stature, mounted on a prancing and fiery steed. The PUCK reporter seized his pencil, drew out his note-book, and took down the following conversation:

UNION SQUARE WASHINGTON.—I guess you think yourself a very big man, don't you?

WALL STREET WASHINGTON.—Well, now I come to think about it, I do. Why shouldn't I? Tell me that.

UNION SQUARE WASHINGTON.—Why should n't you? There are a thousand reasons. I hate fresh people.

WALL STREET WASHINGTON.—Well, suppose I am fresh. I look upon myself as a much more respectable individual than you.

UNION SQUARE WASHINGTON.—Oh, you do, do you? You're new—you're the newest man out.

WALL STREET WASHINGTON.—If I am, I'm proud of the distinction. I wouldn't wear a shabby verdigris green coat that looks as if it had been made out of a superannuated Fenian flag that had been washed in muddy black ink.

UNION SQUARE WASHINGTON.—Fenian yourself. What's the use of your putting on all these airs? Where's your horse, man? You haven't a horse? A man who can't afford to keep a horse don't amount to much, anyhow.

WALL STREET WASHINGTON.—Do you call that thing a horse? I wouldn't have it as a gift. Who wants to ride an old, spavined, broken-winded, played out, antediluvian, half-bred, mongrel, cart-house mule like that?

UNION SQUARE WASHINGTON.—You couldn't get a horse if you wanted one. Bah! You go away and enjoy yourself with your Wall Street friends. They're a nice lot, they are!

WALL STREET WASHINGTON.—I'd sooner have them about me than all those fakirs and hamfatters that are always hanging around the Square.

UNION SQUARE WASHINGTON.—The brokers and Wall Street sharks will swallow you up until there won't be anything left. They'll skin that shining copper off your back.

WALL STREET WASHINGTON.—The "hams" will disgrace you much more than all the brokers of the Board will hurt me. I don't associate with impecunious strolling players who often haven't a nickel to pay for a glass of beer.

UNION SQUARE WASHINGTON.—Before you've been there long, the Wall Street men will have had that strong-box out of your pedestal. There is a twenty-dollar gold-piece among the coins. It's a long while since any of the brokers saw such a coin, and—

WALL STREET WASHINGTON.—Oh, give us a rest!

UNION SQUARE WASHINGTON.—Look here, young feller, if I have any more of your-sass, I'll just ride over you.

WALL STREET WASHINGTON.—Ride away with your old hoss—bah! bah! boo-hoo-bah!

UNION SQUARE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*speaks from the mist*).—Now look here, gentlemen, I ain't much on style, and I don't like to spoil sport, but if both of you don't shut up quicker 'n lightning, I'll take off my trousers and wrap you both up in one leg of 'em.

The colloquy then ceased.

## Puckerings.

A COMPOSING-STICK—The One in the Lemonade.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is the proper person to restore Cesnola.

THE SINGLE-BARRELED eye-glass was originally made for the Cyclops.

A GLOVE-FIGHT—The Business Rivalry Between Dent and Alexander.

A YOUNG LADY in Boston expressed great delight upon being introduced to Matthew Arnold, and asked him if he was accompanied by Mr. Constable.

IT is rather rough on the fair young autograph collector to write to an absent-minded poet for his autograph, and then have him send her a nice little note in reply, all printed on a type-writer.

THE *National Live Stock Journal* has a lengthy article on "Keeping Up the Flesh of Cattle During the Winter." We have read the article through, and think we can offer a better plan. Hang it up on a nail! Hang it up on a nail!

WHY is the tramp like a servant-girl? Because he lives out by the month. Any minstrel-show or circus desiring jokes like the above should send in their orders immediately, as we are just clearing out our fall stock at a great sacrifice.

A SOUTH WALES gentleman has written to a Shakspeare society in England that for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars he will reveal the real author of Shakspeare's plays and sonnets. We will undertake to reveal the secret for ten cents, and here's the revelation: Shakspeare.

IT ALWAYS makes a man open his eyes on a Western train, when he tells a fellow-traveler what a splendid plate of raw oysters he had in the hotel-car, to be informed that the oysters were removed from their shells about a year ago, and that they are taken from hermetically sealed cans, when ordered, and placed in shells carried on the train for that purpose.

IN THESE days a girl will take about twenty thousand pieces of silk of all shades, and put them all neatly together, and then embroider dainty birds, and blushing flowers, and ribboned tambourines, and airy lutes, and all sorts of exquisite little conceits upon it. And after this she lines it with sky-blue satin, and puts a luxurious heavy gold cord around the edge; and when all this æsthetic object is finished it is called a crazy-quilt. We should think it was the girl who would be crazy.

## A MISCALCULATION.

The tramp crept softly up behind the unprotected female, and, as she turned and faced him, he raised his glittering knife high in air—

An hour later, the tramp, haggard, despairing, prematurely old, gazed sadly on the empty little leather purse that had held the savings of many years of industrious tramping, sighed softly, and lay down and died clasping to his breast an elegantly bound copy of Maguire's History of the United States and Hoboken, illustrated by over one hundred distinguished artists; while the unprotected female walked merrily down the road, under the bright November sky.

She was a book-agent.

## DON'T FOOL WITH THE BUZZ-SAW!



WILL LABOR EVER LEARN TO KEEP ITS HANDS OFF?





## THE COWBOY.

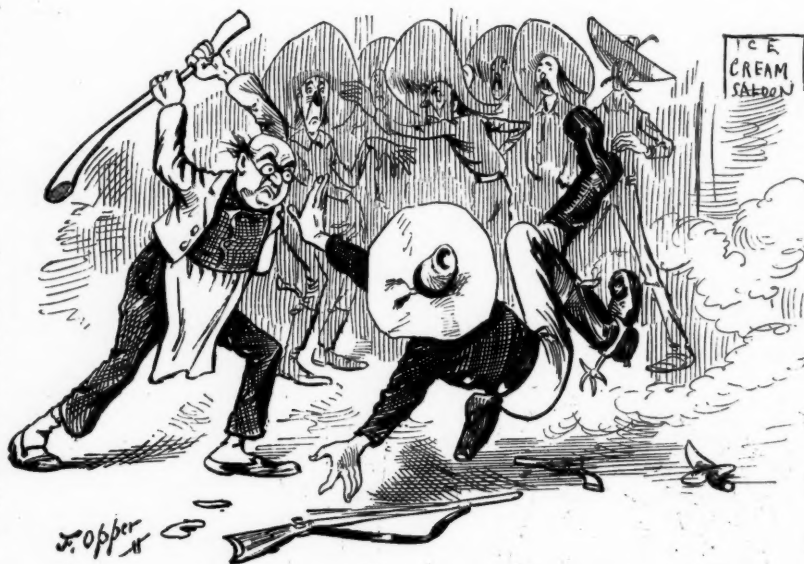
AS HE IS.

SO much amusing talk is being made recently anent the blood-bedraggled cowboy of the wild West that I rise as one man to say a few things, not in a dictatorial style, but regarding this so-called or so esteemed dry land pirate who, mounted on a little cow-pony and under the black flag, sails out across the green surge of the plains to scatter the rocky shores of Time with the bones of his fellow-man.

A great many people wonder where the cowboy, with his abnormal thirst for blood, originated. Where did this young Jesse James, with his gory record and his dauntless eye, come from? Was he born in a buffalo wallow at the foot of some rock-ribbed mountain, or did he first breathe the thin air along the brink of an alkali pond, where the horned toad and the centipede sang him to sleep, and the tarantula tickled him under the chin with its hairy legs?

Careful research and cold, hard statistics show that the cowboy, as a general thing, was born in an unostentatious manner on the farm. I hate to sit down on a beautiful romance and squash the breath out of a romantic dream; but the cowboy who gets too much moist damnation in his system, and rides on a gallop up and down Main Street shooting out the lights of the beautiful billiard palaces, would be just as unhappy if a mouse ran up his pantaloony-leg as you would, gentle reader. He is generally a youth who thinks he will not earn his twenty-five dollars per month if he does not yell and whoop and shoot and scare little girls into St. Vitus's dance. I've known more cowboys to injure themselves with their own revolvers than to injure any one else. This is evidently because they are more familiar with the hoe than they are with the Smith & Wesson.

One night, while I had rooms in the business part of a Territorial city in the Rocky Mountain cattle country, I was wakened at about one o'clock A. M. by the most blood-curdling cry of "Murder" I ever heard. It was murder with a big "M." Across the street, in the bright light of a restaurant, a dozen cowboys with broad sombreros and flashing silver braid, huge leather chaperajas, Mexican spurs and orange silk neck-ties, and with flashing revolvers, were standing. It seemed that a big red-faced Captain Kidd of the band, with his skin full of valley tan, had marched into an ice-cream resort with a self-cocker in his hand, and ordered the vanilla coolness for the gang. There being a dozen young folks at the



place, mostly male and female, from a neighboring hop, indulging in cream, the proprietor, a meek Norwegian with thin white hair, deemed it rude and *outré* to do so. He said something to that effect, whereat the other eleven men of alcoholic courage let off a yell that froze the cream into a solid glacier, and shook two kerosene lamps out of their sockets in the chandeliers.

Thereupon the little Y. M. C. A. Norwegian said:

"Gentlemen, I kain't neffer like dot squealinks and dot kaind of a tings, and you fellers mit dot ledder pantses on and dot funny glose and such a tings like dot better keep kaind of qviet, or I shall call up the policemen mit my telephone."

Then they laughed at him, and cried yet again with a loud voice.

This annoyed the ice-cream agriculturist, and he took the old axe-handle that he used to jam the ice down around the freezer with, and peeled a large area of scalp off the leader's dome of thought, and it hung down over his eyes, so that he could not see to shoot with any degree of accuracy.

After he had yelled "Murder!" three or four times, he fell under an ice-cream table, and the mild-eyed Scandinavian broke a silver-plated castor over the organ of self-esteem, and poured red pepper and salt and vinegar and Halford Sauce and other relishes on the place where the scalp was loose.

This revived the brave but murderous cow-gentleman, and he begged that he might be allowed to go away.

The gentle Y. M. C. A. superintendent of the ten-stamp ice-cream freezers then took the revolvers away from the bold buccaneer, and kicked him out through a show-case, and saluted him with a bouquet of July oysters that suffered severely from malaria.

All cowboys are not sanguinary; but out of twenty you will generally find one who is brave when he has his revolvers with him; but when

he forgot and left his shooters at home on the piano, the most tropical violet-eyed dude can climb him with the butt-end of a sunflower, and beat his brains out and spatter them all over that school district.

In the wild unfettered West, beware of the man who never carries arms, never gets drunk and always minds his own business. He don't go around shooting out the gas, or intimidating a Kindergarten school; but when a brave frontiersman, with a revolver in each boot and a bowie down the back of his neck, insults a modest young lady, and needs to be thrown through a plate-glass window and then walked over by the populace, call on the silent man who dares to wear a clean shirt and human clothes.

BILL NYE.

## RESTORED ANTIQUITIES.

*The Fox and the Grapes.*

A Fox was one day walking through the Woods, when he espied a luscious bunch of Grapes hanging just out of his Reach.

"A predestined Idiot named Æsop once started a Campaign Lie about me to the Effect that I pronounced a Certain bunch of Grapes Sour because I couldn't get it. Now, if Æsop had ever studied Natural History, or had even turned to Zell's Encyclopædia, page 942, he would have learned that my stage-name is *Vulpus Fulvus*, that I am allied to the genus *canis*, and that I am strictly carnivorous. I cannot eat Grapes; but I could Chaw that Æsop up without half trying, if I could only get a Show."

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that a man who is not up in Natural History is the

sort of man to write a Book which is considered a Guide for Children.

*The Diner and the Quail-on-Toast.*

When the Quail-on-Toast was brought the Diner said:

"Ha, ha, my little Quail, you'll make me a Dainty Morsel now."

"Don't be too sure," responded the Bird: "I am not a Quail at all; I am an English Sparrow four years old, and by rights belong in the Old Ladies' Home."

The moral of this little fable teaches us that all that glitters is not quail, and that we never should put our trust in restaurateurs.

On articles refused their writer's stuck;  
They—and the stamps—are not returned by Puck.

## TWO FOR A QUARTER.

He was smoking a fine full-flavored Havana when he met his friend.

"Have a cigar?" he inquired politely.

"Thanks," said the other gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed.

After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone:

"What do you pay for these cigars?"

"Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction: "This cost me twenty cents and that five."

The conversation languished at this point.

F. E. CHASE.



## LITTLE TS.

"Well, we all have our little troubles," said Jack Scribbler: "This morning I took a small gun, and started down the ravine about a mile from our house to shoot birds. On the way I came upon some small boys in a side street playing ball. An insane desire straightway possessed me to become a small boy again myself, and the small boys readily assented. The first thing I did was to throw the ball through a window-pane. Cost me a dollar.

"Then," resumed Jack: "down in the ravine, fifteen minutes later, by accident I killed a duck—a tame one. I heard one of the birds set up a squawk; but the whole flock moved along with that majestic meander you may have noted as so peculiarly their own, so I didn't think I had hit anything mortally, and went on to the woods. But when I got home, at lunch-time, a big policeman was waiting for me, at the instigation of the man who owned the ducks. I went back with the officer to see about it. The aggrieved party and his sorrowing wife—(she said that duck was a 'setter')—and five children had just partaken sumptuously of roast duck with stuffing of onions. To prove that I killed that 'setter,' they produced with commendable promptness the feathers and other remains of the feast, and showed me where the bullet went through the 'setter's' back-bone. The man had saved me that bone—every bit of it—but nary a drum-stick, nor liver on skiver. Of course that settled it—that back-bone with a nice little round bullet-hole through it—so I gave the man half-a-dollar and the blue-coated guardian of ducks and the peace a nice rosy-cheeked five-cent cigar."

Jack continued:

"Another little trouble befell me to-day: I sent a letter intended for a grizzly old scribbler who smokes a pipe all day long and most of the night, and drinks beer—a Bohemian of the

very blackest dye—a letter full of the mysterious talk Bohemians are wont to indulge in—I sent that letter by mistake to a charming young girl I have long been laboring to impress with my modesty and Sunday-school-ness. I s'pose she'll never forgive me. And that's not all. While putting on a collar—for I do put one on sometimes—the button slipped out of the neck-band somehow, and I looked for it in vain, all the time using language I shall not repeat now, and after rummaging through boxes and trunks—about twenty, it seemed to me—I succeeded in finding another button just at the moment the original one discovered itself to me in my shoe. All my little troubles to-day," says Jack: "are chargeable to that chamber-maid up at our house. This morning, when my Muse folded her gauzy wings and graciously perched upon my ink-stand, that girl came into my room and said it was 'sweepin'-day.' I told her to get out. But she wouldn't do it. 'Missus said she must do this room, and she would, so she would.' Then it was," said Jack, with a groan: "I took down that gun. I think it was my intention to kill her; but I didn't. But I went out instead to kill the poor dear harmless little good-for-nothing birds, and so it came about that I broke the window, shot the duck, and—well, that girl is accountable for the whole business, anyhow. When she comes fooling around my door again, that story about the old lady who rode to the moon will be modernized a little, and a flaxen-haired, red-faced, squint-eyed young Dutch chamber-maid in these flats will ride astride of her broom out the fourth-story window to the beautiful brick pavement about sixty feet below. I'll get a 'lifer' for murder, I suppose, or be hung by the neck till dead; but that's nothing—it pales into utter insignificance beside any one of the little troubles that overtook me to-day."

I told Jack he looked very sober.

"And so I am. I'm sorry; let's go in here and drown it."

BURTONICUS.

## TROCHES.

THE PROFESSIONAL base-ball player is now at liberty for the next six months, and is therefore open for some such position as street inspector, policeman, car-driver, or dramatic critic on the *Herald*.

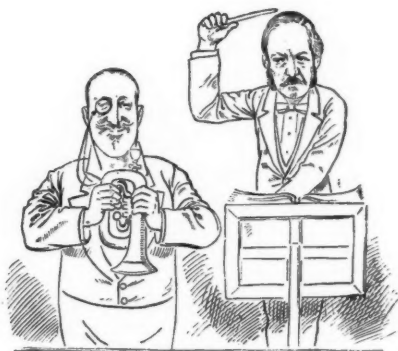
A CLEVELAND PAPER prints an article entitled "How to Get Sick," and, strange as it may seem, it is not a synopsis of the Butler campaign in Massachusetts. We have never tried the scheme ourselves, but we think the best way for a man to get sick—if he has an ambition to get sick, and will be sick in spite of everything—is to run for Alderman in this city on the Republican ticket.

RUSKIN SAYS that pleasure comes through toil. Now out in Ohio, the other day, we saw a sportsman with his gun on his shoulder trying to walk up a sand-hill. As he stepped forward he slipped right back, and we think he must have walked about half-a-mile without getting ahead two feet. That man had about all the toil he wanted, but we would like Mr. Ruskin to tell us where the pleasure came in; unless it was the pleasure we experienced while laughing at his wild and futile efforts to reach the top of that hill.

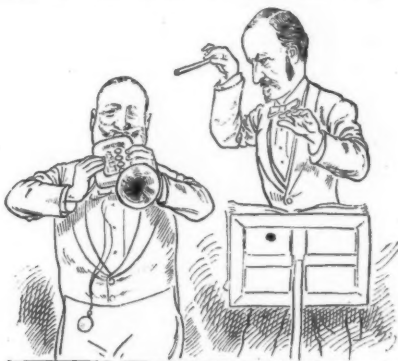
THIS is just the season of the year that boys will play shinney all day, right into the twilight, and then go and sit down around a fire made of old shoes; and while the stench that arises from that burning leather ascends to their nostrils, they are silent in meditation and wandering far off in the golden mazes of an Arabian Night. The boy who will cover a radius of two miles to collect old shoes for a boys' fire, will wail and appear broken-hearted if dispatched to the wood-shed twenty feet away to fetch in the wood to cook his dinner.

## THE CORNET SOLO.

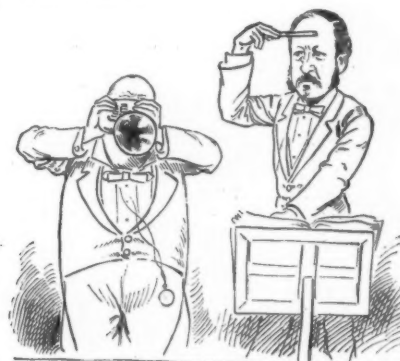
SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE SOLOIST THROUGH THE MAZES OF THE MUSIC.



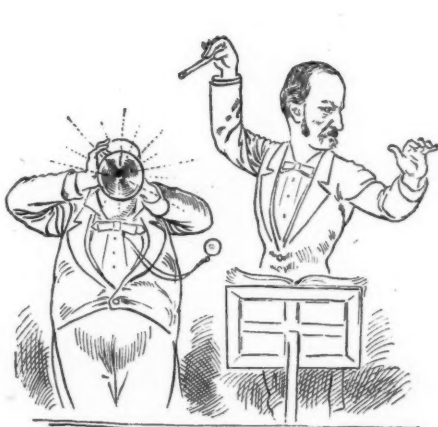
READY.



GO!



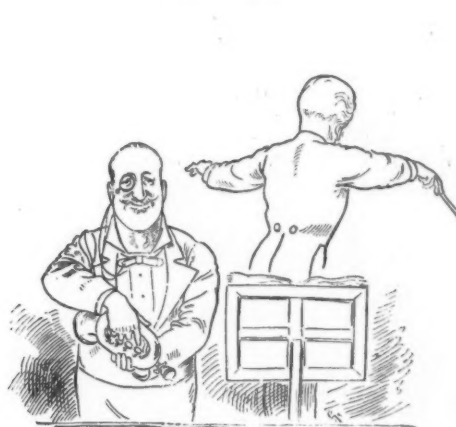
ANDANTE.



ALLEGRO.



SFORZANDO.



GOT THAR!

## AN OLD STORY.

I sit by the window's broken pane,  
And wish that I lay upon my bier,  
For I feel a wild outspoken pain  
Which causes me even to shun my beer.

I regret the horribly daring feat—  
Which has ended in tears and thunder sighs—  
Of trying to put my despairing feet  
Into shoes so very much under size.

It was all for the sake of a scornful maid  
With a Grosvenor gown and a Roman nose,  
That thus I my poor feet cornful made—  
The worst pain a lord or a yeoman knows.

But she looked at my boots in a frigid way,  
And said, with a distant, careless air:  
"What boots it?" Which words on me rigid weigh  
Like the midnight squall of a hairless heir.

So I mourn through the nights and weary days,  
Unpitied and mocked by disdainful souls,  
And go through the world in a dreary daze,  
With most aching heart and most painful soles.

RICHARD NIXON.

## CATCHING THE TRAIN.

Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter recently left a certain Western hotel at 2:10 to catch the 2:20 train. He had just been getting shaved, and had spent all his time telling the barber to hurry up, that he might reach the station in time. The barber didn't get a chance to edge in a word on the weather, the political outlook, or to introduce to his notice the celebrated Sea Foam for taking dust out of the hair.

When Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter left the hotel as stated above, his eyes started out of their sockets like door-knobs, and his hair stood up so straight and hard that you could have broken it off like so many icicles. He then got on a dog-trot; but before he had gone many steps, a boy rushed up in front of him and shouted: "Carry your valises, mister?"

"I am carrying them!" said Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter sharply.

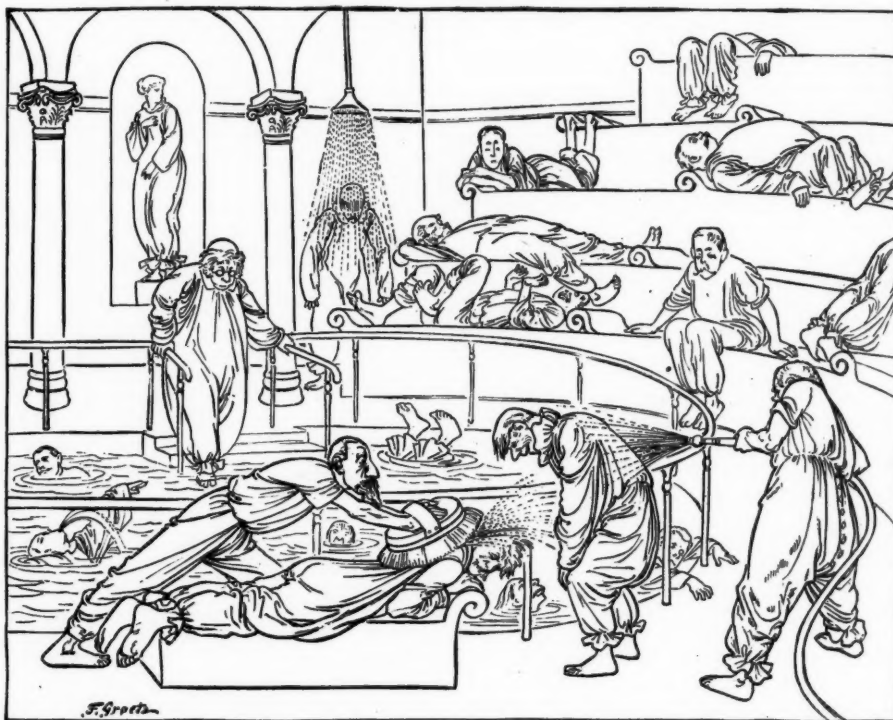
The boy retired and whistled an air that had been made unpopular by its great popularity. Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter hurried on harder than ever. He redoubled every effort to catch that train. Now and then pedestrians going in the opposite direction would come in contact with his valises, and bring him to a dead stop. This would annoy him very much, and cause him to forget his customary dignity, and indulge in language that would frighten even the driver of a canal-mule.

He had yet about eight blocks to go, and every block seemed a mile long. And every step he traveled made each valise seem about ten pounds heavier. And as he traveled the valises struck against his knees and held him back, and almost wore through his trousers. And the perspiration was flowing so freely that his collar was soaked and couldn't stand up. In fact the neck-band of his shirt was thoroughly saturated, and the collar-button slipped out and set the collar free.

Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter was simply grinding his teeth, while his collar-button worked up against the back of his head, and let his cravat stay down against his neck. Every step he took made the valise-handles grind deeper into his hands, and there was no use of changing, because the valises were about the same in weight. The palms of his hands and the insides of his fingers were all raw, and a mass of ridges was made by those valise-handles.

At this period of the adventure one of Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter's cuffs flew off the button and slipped down over his knuckles, while

## IF COMSTOCK IS TO BE CONSULTED—



THIS IS THE WAY OUR RUSSIAN BATHS WILL LOOK.

a fresh torrent of perspiration poured down his face and almost blinded him.

"What time is it, Mister?" inquired a gamin. Hankinson-Boomwhifter said nothing, but looked as though he would like to have that boy where he could conveniently jump on him.

"Black your boots, Mister?" said a boot-black, running up in front of him.

"Get out of the way!" shouted Hankinson-Boomwhifter, angrily.

Then he made a dive to get across the street; but it was packed with wagons and trucks, and he had to wait several minutes before he could get a chance to walk over. While awaiting a chance to cross he extemporized one of the wildest extemporaneous hornpipes ever seen in that part of the country.

On his way across he was looking only in the direction of the dépôt, and not on the ground, so that when he stepped into a pool of water about a foot deep, all the drivers and people around there set up a long loud laugh. Reaching the gutter, he stamped the water out of his shoes and madly started on his way.

He hadn't gone more than half-a-block when the handle suddenly flew off one valise and it dropped on the ground. This happened so suddenly that the other valise caused Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter to lose his balance—like the ledger of a Newark, N. J., bank—and sit down on it. As he did so he heard a lot of bottles of hair-oil smash inside; but he didn't stop to think about the hair-oil working into his dress-suit and other articles of wearing apparel. He just jumped on his feet and started on, carrying one valise by the handle and the other under his arm.

"Hack?" shouted one of the fraternity, loudly.

"No!"

"Drive you right up to the Albemarle for seventy-five cents."

"No—s—i—r!" said Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter, with great emphasis.

Then he heard a whistle, and increased his speed.

"That ain't the train," said a boy.

"What is it?" inquired Hankinson-Boomwhifter, as he ran.

"It's a factory-whistle," said the boy.

The toiling pedestrian felt greatly relieved at this piece of information, but went on faster than ever. As he was going over the last block, a boy shouted:

"Hey, there, Mister!"

Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter looked around to see what was the matter. As he looked around he saw a boy, who said:

"Why don't you carry that valise by the handle?"

If he had only had the time, he would have hunted that boy down and danced all over him. As he could not do this, he kept striking out for the station. The valise under his arm almost killed him, because it was so wide that he couldn't reach around under it, but was obliged to keep it in position by pressing it against his ribs. At this juncture he made a misstep, and his hind suspender-buttons flew off, and he felt as though he would fall to pieces and strew the ground with the ruins. Gathering himself suddenly together for a grand final effort, he made a brave bolt for the station, and in half-a-minute was at the window of the ticket-seller, glaring through as though in search of vengeance. Then he dropped both valises on the floor and said:

"Am I in time for the 2:20 train?"

"It doesn't start for some time yet," replied the ticket-seller.

"I left the barber-shop at 2:10," said Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter: "and I have been running eight minutes, at least."

"It is only 1:35 now," said the ticket-seller: "we run on standard time. You have forty-five minutes to spare—time enough to go back and thrash the barber."

And Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter said he would if he were not entirely exhausted.

And then he bought his ticket, and sat down and waited and waited, and wondered what he would do to kill time. And as he sat there he looked as sad and dreary as a country graveyard on a rainy day. And there is no doubt that all his nature went out into his remark:

"—standard time, anyway!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



# MRS. JARNIGAN'S JERSEY.

Mrs. Jarnigan was one of those fortunate people who live "only ten minutes' walk from the station," past which the trains run cityward at such hours as 8:3½ and 10:4¾; and as the time-table is being continually altered, much wholesome exercise is afforded the business-men of that happy locality.

Mrs. J. was a close student of all the popular fashion journals, and it was through this source that she received the valuable information that nothing sets off a pretty figure like a Jersey. Now, Mrs. J. had a pretty figure, not having yet acquired the peculiar lopsidedness of suburban residents, due to much carrying of bundles.

In common, also, with the rest of her sex, she had laid to heart such simple maxims as, "A dress in the hand is worth ten at the dressmaker's," and "Milliners are the mothers of lies," and she could appreciate the comfort of a ready-made garment.

"Rupert, I'm going to get a Jersey," she announced, at the breakfast-table.

"Hum!" said Rupert to his newspaper.

In a few minutes, however, the remark had bored through the manly thickness of his skull, and he observed, with sarcasm:

"Perhaps you'll keep it in the front yard as an ornament?"

"Indeed I sha'n't! I'm going to wear it."

"I thought snakes, and beetles, and spiders, and roaches, and angle-worms were bad enough—well, don't expect me to walk to church with you with such a thing on your bonnet."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. J., with contemptuous severity.

"Why, the cow, of course! You said you were going to get a Jersey."

"Cow, indeed! If you ever half listened to me—a Jersey is a sort of a jacket."

"O-oh!" said Rupert, in relieved tones: "is that all?"

And hearing a distant whistle, he rushed madly forth toward the railway-station.

Left to herself, Arabella shed bitter, bitter tears over his brutal lack of sympathy, as she rummaged in the pockets of his second-best suit for car-tickets and loose change.

To think and to act were synonymous with this noble woman, and not an hour had rolled past before she had taken the next train to town, and procured a Jersey.

On reaching home, she wrestled into it, with the aid of the cook and parlor-maid, and then, pale and exhausted, sat down to recuperate.

But it fitted her like a glove, and so pleased was she with her appearance that she called on all her neighbors, and gained a great deal of useful information on many subjects.

Mr. J., like most husbands, belonged to the *genus* male, and therefore, when the shades of evening brought him home again, he did not notice her new garment.

Arabella hid her wounded heart under a smile, and remained silent.

At length she withdrew to rest, leaving Mr. J. smoking on the porch.

She began to remove her Jersey. It was something like skinning a cat, and about the time she had got it well over her head, a hitch occurred, and it would go no further.

She tugged at it. All in vain. Then she began to get frightened. She thought of the smothering of Desdemona; of the wretched prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta; then she remembered a sermon she had heard, last Sunday, on "them that perish in darkness," and she began to weep.

Must she perish thus? She tried to call Mr. J.; but the door was shut. Perhaps she might reach it. Alas! she had lost her bearings, and knew not whither to turn. So she staggered around for a minute or two, tumbled over a chair, kicked over the table, and knocked the pitcher off the wash-stand in her blind gropings.

It was this noise that attracted Mr. J. He fancied he

heard his name called in muffled tones of anguish, and the thought struck him that perhaps Mrs. J. was being garroted by an early burglar.

Faulty as he was as a husband, he could not let such a deed pass unchecked in his house. So he bounded up-stairs, stumping his toes and uprooting several stair-boards—not omitting the "harmless, necessary damn," customary on such occasions.

At the first glimpse he thought Mrs. J. might be masquerading as the Veiled Prophet; but a smothered wail issued from the depths:

"Take it off! Oh, take it off!"

"Where? where? What is it?" he cried, looking about for the usual spider or caterpillar.

"Why, this thing—this nasty, horrid Jersey. Pull it off—do!"

Arising to the emergency, Mr. J. clutched it, and pulled with a will; but Mrs. J.'s hair-pins had, somehow, got mixed up with the elastic webbing, and when the Jersey did come off, it was split up the back, and had carried with it several handfuls of golden hair.

Then Mrs. J. shed some more tears, and told Mr. J. he was a brute.

Mr. J. could not appreciate this point. But then men are obtuse.

J. K. WETHERILL.

Barnum has not sold the "Greatest Show on Earth" to the International News Company; but the International News Company has published two more books of the showman's series, every page of which is furnished with a bijou theatre and garnished with a touching poem. Our Wall Street brokers tell us that Jay Gould and Santa Claus are trying to obtain control of the series. The idea is that Santa Claus will prove too much for the Wall Street wizard, and the children will be made happy.

Rejected articles, ill-writ, mis-spelt,  
Are not returned by PUCK or *Um die Welt*.

# Answers for the Anxious.

WILL.—Thanks.

W. C. E.—"As it is your first in PUCK—" dear boy, that's where you're mistaken. It isn't.

S. H. D.—It's a little out of our line; but it's too good to lose. Call again, and call a little more cheerfully, next time.

REGIS.—If you have any insurance on that joke of yours, you can collect it. We will make the necessary affidavit attesting the fact of decease.

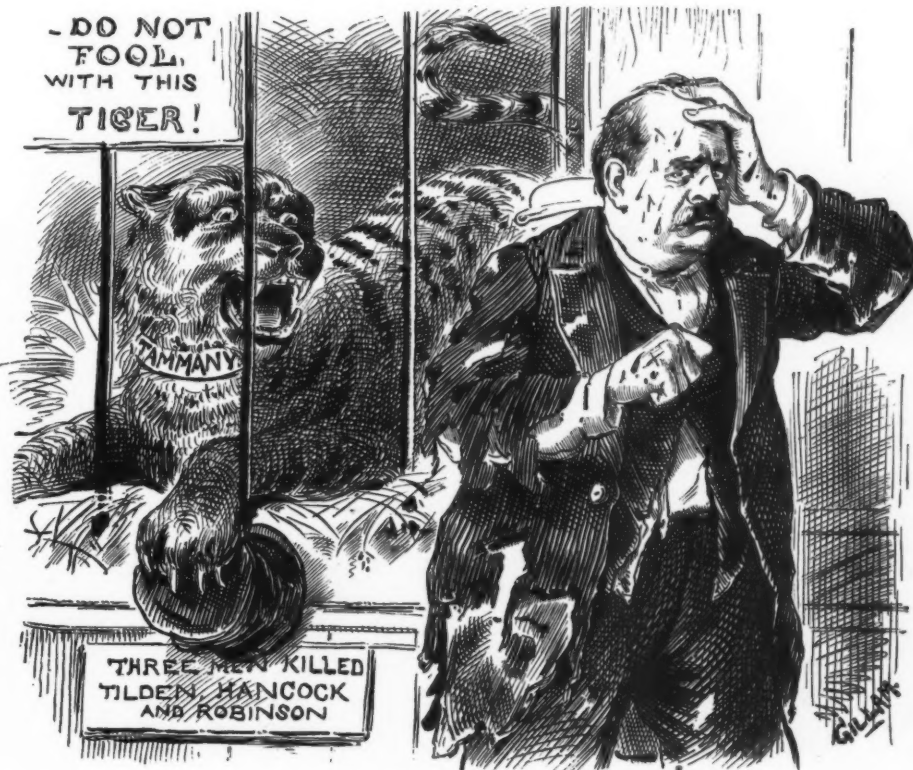
ANTONINUS.—Yes, thank you. "Abou Ben Butler, may his tribe increase." We thought so. Ha, ha, ha! This is not the mocking laughter of the fiends far down in hell: it is the Snort of Desperation. Are there any more of you?

WADDY.—So you've just caught on to the "Rural Locomotive" idea, have you? Why, dear boy, we were just thinking of preparing to celebrate the anniversary of the funeral of that inspired conception. It was a bright boom while it lasted; but its sun set in dull oblivion some time ago.

J. MCB. DAVIS.—Darius, we detest Persian ostentation, and that is the reason we can't use your article. It may be a good article; but we don't care for contributions in Persian. And we suppose you meant to write Persian when you wrote that article. You certainly didn't write English. It may be in some other tongue, but we don't know. Suppose we consider it Persian, and use it as a rug?

W. W. W.—It's a pity that Sydney Smith died before you were born. It would have greatly rejoiced him to see that joke of yours. It is evidently the very joke for which he must so often have yearned—the joke that would get into a Scotchman's head without any necessity for a surgical operation. Yes, that's it. That joke of yours is old and tough enough to drill a safe with. W. W. W., it would stop a buzz-saw.

# A CLOSE SHAVE.



CLEVELAND:—"I THOUGHT I HAD HIM TAMED!"

\*\*\*\*The letter (to John Kelly) was, as every reader of it will acknowledge, written in the interest of the people to better the representation in the Senate of this State. Its reception proved to me that the man who had been assuring me of his friendship was my enemy and that of the cause which I had espoused. It gave an opportunity for this enemy to openly and coarsely insult me as Governor of the State.—Governor Cleveland, in *New York Herald*.





1) Promise Her Anything and Everything, and Secure Her.



2) Give Her the Best Bed in the House, and Don't Disturb Her Slumbers Mornings—



3) Nor Her Courti



6) Be Blind Sometimes—



7) And Sometimes Deaf.



8) Answer the Door-Bell Yourself.

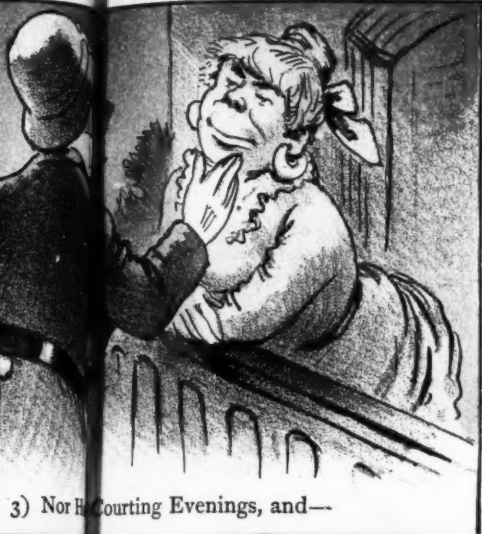


9) Don't Notice Mysterious Packages and Bundles Carried Out by Relatives.



13) Or—Take Matters into Your Own Hands and





3) Nor Her Courting Evenings, and—



4) Allow Her the Whole Day to Shop in.



5) When Dinner is Ready—Wait on Her.



Your Own Hands and Keep Her in Her Place.



10) Play for Her Callers, Whenever Asked.



11) Let Her Keep the Order-Book Herself.



12) Raise Her Wages Higher Each Month—



## TRAMPS.

The doctrines of Mr. Henry George are becoming better known, and are receiving practical expression. At least we judge so by the alarming increase of the noble army of tramps. Mr. George justifies the existence of tramps, and the tramps have apparently not been slow to take advantage of the justification.

They swarm everywhere.

They are our real leisure class, and in many respects come nearer our ideal of the perfect life than any other profession.

The author of "Progress and Poverty" says that if land were common property there would be no tramps.

We hope that the land will not become common property.

If such were the law, and Mr. H. George is right, the land would be deprived of its most picturesque ornament—the tramp.

A host of pleasant customs and practices would cease. There would be no one to whom to give the lukewarm coffee that the members of the family breakfast-table had rejected.

Then, what is to be done with the old clothes that have seen service on the masculine human form divine of the bread-winners of the household?

Some, of course, will do to make fashionable garments for the youth of the family; but there are always others that are not available for the purpose.

What will become of these things? If there are no tramps there will certainly be no recipients for such articles.

Then think of the quantities of spoiled pie, rancid butter and indigestible bread and cake that will be without a market if tramps are driven out of the land.

No longer would the broad canopy of heaven, an osage-hedge or a picket-fence afford shelter to Mr. Henry George's pets.

Hen-houses would remain unspoiled. The clothes-lines and the linen thereon would be intact. No one would be knocked down, assaulted and robbed on the highway.

Everything would be stale, flat, unprofitable and commonplace. Seldom, even, should we be regaled with the excitement of a murder. Perhaps we might manage to do without this style of excitement for a time; but the deprivation must necessarily be attended with much pain.

It will be admitted that the murder business has been pretty well kept up by the tramp brigade, and the tramps who cultivate the art succeed very well in keeping themselves in the background—so far as the police are concerned.

Perhaps the best argument, after all, in favor of Mr. Henry George's theory is that there would be fewer murders, owing to the disappearance of the tramps—that is, if murders are objectionable and demoralizing.

Some people do not think so—especially those who commit them. But, for the sake of convenience, we will assume that killing or assassinating men and women in cold blood is not a nice thing. Then why, in the name

of Samuel J. Tilden, is there so much of it? And why are not the slayers brought to justice? And where are the slayers, and who is going to bring them there? Why are inoffensive men and women found dead, with their throats cut, in all sorts of nooks and corners, without a clue to the butchers? Who are the butchers?

The butchers are tramps, who like to vary their pleasantly monotonous life with a little fancy work sometimes. If we have many more murder mysteries, either Mr. Henry George's system must be adopted without a moment's delay, or every well-defined and undoubted tramp found begging on the highway must be immediately lodged in jail or shot on sight as a possible murderer.

RUSKIN SAYS that when a man loves work his life is a happy one. Now the 'longshoreman loves work so much that he will roll barrels of sugar and kits of mackerel around, and carry armfuls of steel rails up a slippery gang-plank for thirty cents an hour. And yet the 'longshoreman is not contented; for, in spite of his love for work, he would rather be a policeman or a baseball player.

IN SPEAKING of the virtues of a man recently nominated for office, in order to secure him the support of all true men without regard to party, a Western paper stated that one night he hurled a bootjack at a cat, missed the feline, and raised a lump the size of a pumpkin on the side of the head of a young man who was standing in the moonlight practising a threadbare serenade on his cornet.

DEAD OCCASION ADDRESS—Remarks at a Funeral.

## GRANDMAMA.

I.  
It is many years ago  
Since she led  
On a tiny tapered toe,  
With a tread  
Like a whisper, in the dances;  
She 's the sweetest of romances—  
She 's the darling of my fancies,  
Though she 's dead.

II.  
Grandpapa was very slim—  
Wore a wig  
When she courted to him  
In the jig;  
She was modest, prim and pretty,  
He was wealthy, wise and witty,  
And he joggled through the city  
In a gig.



III.  
Sixty summers side by side  
Did they go.  
Then the feeble father died,  
And the snow  
Streaked the curls that used to tangle  
At a captivating angle  
By her cheeks, before the bangle  
Caught the beau.

IV.  
And they say she used to sit  
All day through  
With her Bible reading it  
Till she grew  
Very old; then came the tragic  
End of life's unraveled magic.  
For her epitaph no adjective  
Will do.

V.  
All that I remember now  
Is the quaint  
Gold-rimmed glasses on her brow  
In the paint  
Where some portrait-painter caught her—  
And a most devoted daughter—  
Mother—she who always thought her  
Just a saint.

F. D. S.

## FREE LUNCH.

SIT ON one side of the room and attempt to throw an apple-core across into the grate, and, no matter how good a shot you are, it will strike just above the grate on the marble, and fall back in a hundred pieces on the carpet. The best way to get an apple-core in the grate is to walk over and drop it in.

IT IS all well enough to say that one swallow does not make a summer. Neither does one snow-bird make a winter, one blue-bird make a spring, one woodcock make a dinner, nor one load of pepper and salt in the back of the small boy who tries to rob an apple orchard make an autumn.

A BOSTON MAGAZINE announces a serial story to run through the coming year entitled, "The District Messenger-boy." We trust that it will tell how the messenger-boy uses up two hours in traveling half-a-mile on an important mission, and afterward makes a satisfactory excuse at headquarters.

WHAT EXERCISES a man is to see a broad fat woman, with a big umbrella and a bulky satchel, step before you, going leisurely up the "L" station stairs, just as the train is coming in, and you would give ten dollars to catch it.

THE MANAGEMENT of the Bijou translate freely Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" as "Orpheus and Eurydice." We fear many people will miss the meaning of the writer and the composer. It would have been better to call it "Orpheus in Harlem and Halifax."

DR. BUCK, a physician of Braddock, Pa., has been sentenced to five years and a half in the penitentiary for his connection with a gang of highwaymen. If Buck had been a lawyer, somehow the sentence would not seem so severe.

AT THE Trenton, N. J., Steel and Iron Works a reduction has been announced in the wages of the "ton" men. If the reduction is to go by weight, we hope that David Davis is not on the pay-roll.

ONE OF the worst features of a great majority of spontaneous jokes is, that as the perpetrators cannot be convicted of premeditation, they can not be hung under the laws of the State.

THE DRUGGIST who has got about half-a-ton of fly-paper on his hands to carry over for next season, is not quite so fly as he thought he was last spring.

THERE IS no truth in the report that Sergeant Mason is to star as *William Tell* this season.

A BLOND BOOK-KEEPER should always be careful not to wipe his pen on his hair.



## VARIOUS WAKES.

Do you know what a wake is? I mean the early morning wake, not the Irish article? No? Then it is evident that you are not a horse-car conductor.

I am. I am a Prince in Disguise; but I am at present acting as a horse-car conductor, in order to study the social economy of the lower classes, and because I like the gay, untrammelled freedom of the life.

I have to get up at half-past five every morning, and I never can remember the engagement. When I go to bed I make a mental memorandum—I have even written the note down and put it under my pillow; but in vain. I never can remember, somehow, to wake up at the right hour.

So I have to employ a District Telegraph Messenger Company to wake me up every morning; and a boy comes to my lodging-house and knocks on my bedroom door—I am not using the rest of my palatial suite of apartments at present.

Thus I have learned a great deal about District Telegraph Messenger boys—and they vary. They are not, as is popularly supposed, all from the stock of one great primal, protoplasmic boy, cut off in lengths to suit. No one District Telegraph boy is exactly like another District Messenger boy, although they may be readily divided into several great classes, and many subdivisions thereof.

There is the bumptious boy, for instance. He rings the door-bell six or eight times, seemingly being under the impression that the whole establishment wants to be aroused at my peculiar hour. Carrying out this idea, he has a loud and ungrammatical altercation with the servant, when she *does* come to the door. Likewise, in pursuance of his benevolent scheme, he runs up-stairs, his feet falling heavy on every step, except two or three on which all the rest of him falls. Then he performs a fist duet on my door, and keeps it up until I come out. After that, unless he is pretty spry, he isn't able to keep himself up. This boy is very popular with the man on the floor below me, who is a compositor on a daily paper, and goes to bed at 3 A. M.

Then there is the dull, persistent and conscientious boy. He goes at his work with a high and holy sense of duty. He pounds on my door with a heavy, steady, reiterated pound that drives me very nearly mad. I shout to him that I am awake; but he keeps on pound-

ing. I tell him that I will be there in a second; but he keeps on pounding. I reason with him; I explain to him that as soon as I can get untangled from the bed-clothes I will go to the door; but he keeps on pounding. Not until I have got his infernal ticket and signed it will he stop pounding. This boy is a great joy and solace to me on mornings when I am feeling a little nervous—say after a grand banquet of the United Horse-Car Conductors at the Brunswick or Delmonico's.

Then there is the meek boy. He is the boy who wipes his feet on the mat down-stairs, and says "Thank yer, ma'am," to the girl who directs him to my state chamber on the fourth floor back. This is all very well. I like modesty and meekness in a boy. But then he comes up to my room and taps so gently on the panels that it is half-an-hour before I hear him in my roseate dreams. Then I get up and sign his ticket and shut the door in his face and go about my toilette. When, half-an-hour later, I have donned my dude conductor-clothes, I go out and find him sitting in the cold dark hallway at the head of the stairs. He explains that he thought I wanted him to go on an errand. This is a beautiful and pathetic example of conscientiousness and self-sacrifice; but it isn't overwhelmingly beautiful and pathetic to be charged for one hour of that meek boy's time. It is things like these that are getting away with my princely revenue.

Then there is the boy who *will* knock at the wrong door. Oftentimes his ring awakes me—or I may be lying sleepless, pondering those problems of investment which will occur to financiers—and I can hear the girl directing that boy to my room, with careful and explicit accuracy. Then he promptly comes up-stairs and hammers on the wrong door. He generally selects that of the nervous old maid on the floor below, and although he has done it at least once a week for the last six months—he being a different boy each time, of course—she thinks it is burglars, every trip, and she wakes the rest of the house on her own account.

But the worst of them all is the fiend boy. He is simply a devil—an ingenious devil. He rings gently, and steals softly up the three flights, and tiptoes to my door, and then knocks my peaceful, happy slumbers into atoms, and breaks my nerves up for the day by dropping one terrific, sledge-hammer, Sullivan slug on my door.

When I get up, aroused by that crash, I

almost think, for the moment, of giving up the horse-car conductor business, and going back and being a prince again.

There is only one thing in which all District Telegraph Messenger boys are exactly alike. They all use the same perfume—probably from a feeling of *esprit de corps*. As far as I can make out, the formula for the bouquet is, say, equal parts of fried fish and cabbage, with a seasoning of onions. It is very penetrating, and will linger around a hallway, without any encouragement, for many a golden hour after the boy has departed.

HAROUN AL. RUSHED.

NEARLY all the idols worshiped by the heathen in Africa and India are manufactured in England, and pay a handsome profit, exceeding, in commercial value, that of the books, Bibles and tracts sent to the same destination. This is a holy swindle on the natives. In one sense it may be well enough for England to provide a ruler and an Empress for India—one who will never go near that country—but when the great and powerful nation comes to make gods for the poor heathen, and charge double prices for the same, it is more than Christianity can swallow in silence.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

AN editor in the South has shot an advertising-agent. The provocation is not stated; but if the agent asked the editor to insert a column patent-medicine advertisement next to reading-matter one year, and fifty-two sixteen-line reading-notices, for thirty dollars, and take his pay in "Bolus's Liver Searcher," the editor should be acquitted on the ground of self-defense.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE husband of an actress now playing in England hires a dude to insult the actress by looks, etc., and then the husband thrashes the dude. The dude felt that he was not getting the worth of his money, so he turned in and whipped the husband, and got discharged. Advertising pays, if the advertiser does not get whipped.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Character in smoking," is the title of an excellent article recently published. The writer judges his men by the kind of tobacco they smoke. All like good tobacco, but all are not judges. It is only the even-tempered, level-headed, tastefully inclined man that takes pains to make a selection. He gets to be very particular about purity and flavor. But when he strikes a tobacco like Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, he is tenacious of his prize, and intolerant of all inferior tobaccos.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

For Purity and Delicate Flavor. "Sweet Bouquet" Cigarettes have no equal.

No man, woman or child can suffer with any skin disease after using Swayne's Ointment.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamps, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear. Forms are closed on Friday at ten o'clock A. M. PUBLISHERS PUCK.

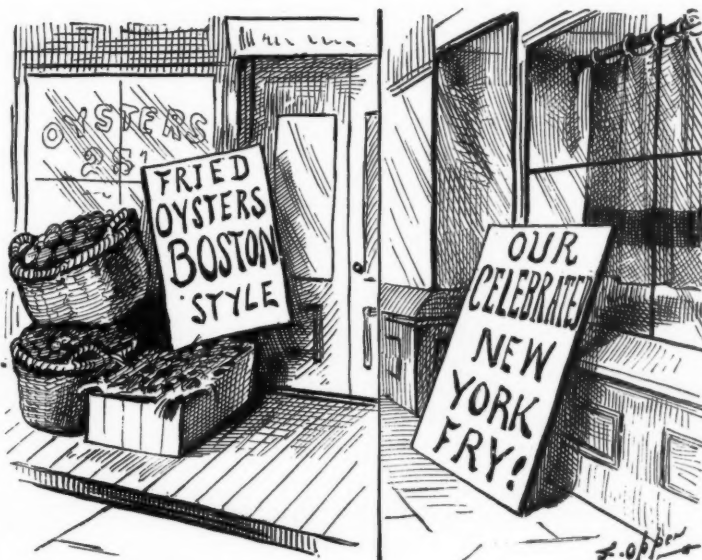
## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 26, 29, 38, 53, 56, 58, 67, 69, 72, 74, 76, 79, 85, 87 and 108 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

## A WINTER IDYL.

Stormy day in  
Chill December;  
Icy pavement,  
I remember.  
Pretty maiden  
Gliding past  
Office-window,  
Holding fast  
To umbrella—  
Market-basket,  
Flying skirts!  
What a task it  
Was to look a-  
Way from those  
Neatly-fitting  
Striped hose!  
Yet, believe me  
That I did it;  
Circumstances  
Did forbid it.  
For beyond her  
Lay a nice  
Lassie sprawling  
On the ice;  
And her hose were  
Much more striped  
Than were those  
Worn, I rather  
Think, by t' other  
Charming biped.  
J. B. BELL.

## MUTUAL ADMIRATION.



IN NEW YORK.

IN BOSTON.

## FRED. BROWN'S GINGER

PHILADELPHIA.

### BROWN'S GINGER

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### WHY?

TO WARN THE PEOPLE against COUNTERFEITS and Worthless Imitations, which merely do harm and are sold upon the reputation of the GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER, which has been manufactured for more than half a century, by

**FREDERICK BROWN**  
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139-151 BOWERY, N. Y.

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BRANCH STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

FALL STYLES.

"Do not go!"

There is an expression of pitiful pleading in the dusky-brown eyes of Gladys McNulty as they look up into those of Harold Neversink, and the lips that are speaking these words—soft rosy lips, with a droop that makes the pretty mouth wear a sad, wistful look—are quivering in an agony of grief.

They have quarreled, these two—quarreled, as all lovers do, over some foolish trifle, and from good-natured badinage and smiling denial have gone on until cruel angry words have been spoken by each, and there yawns between them a horrid chasm into whose black depths their love, but a little while ago so tender and true, has been cast.

As usual, the woman is the first to relent. As Gladys sees Harold starting for the door a great wave of fear rolls over her soul, and she realizes for the first time what separation forever from this man means. She knows full well that, try as she may, she can never tear from her heart the image that her love has enshrined there, and that without this love her life will be an eternity of desolation.

And so she stops him as he is going. He turns quickly as he hears the words with which this chapter opens.

"Do you admit, then," he asks: "that I am right?"

"Yes," she answers: "I admit that apple-pie should not be eaten without cheese. God knows I would admit anything—that the sun does not move, that the stars do not shine, that there is no quail on last year's toast—anything to keep us from being parted," and, sobbing violently, she lays her head on his shoulder like a little child.

He expresses neither regret nor surprise. He only lifts the long lily hand that he holds, and, laying its palm against his burning mouth, softly passes his lips to and fro over the little fair lines in which her history is written.

"Look up, darling," he says, presently: "look up and say that you have forgiven me."

The beautiful face is raised from his breast. She is pale, indeed, but it is with the pallor of conquering passion; and very still, but it is the stillness of one who, looking up in awful joy, sees the dawn of a superb new world breaking upon her. Harold leads her to a *fauteuil*, and kneels in his beautiful glad manhood beside her.

"May I kiss you?" he murmurs.

She does not speak, but the love-light in her eyes makes answer more eloquently than could any words. For a moment she closes her eyes as one faint with a bliss whose keenness makes it cross the border-land and become pain, and so is gathered into his strenuous embrace.

For one second she lies on his heart. For one second the breath of her sweet sighs stirs his hair. Their faces are nearing each other slowly, in the sweet luxury of a passionate delay, to make yet more poignant the pleasure of their supreme meeting at last, when suddenly Harold starts to his feet. Gladys springs from the *fauteuil*.

"My God!" she cries: "what is the matter?"

Bending over her and pressing her closely to him, Harold whispers in low strained tones:

"I have broken my suspender."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"\*Old birds are not caught with chaff." Therefore seek and find the pure golden grains of health in Kidney-Wort. Women, young or old, married or single, if out of health, will be greatly benefited by taking Kidney-Wort.

50 Elegant Imp. Chromo Cards, name in new script type, only 10c., 13 pks. \$1, or 10 pks. for \$1 and choice free of handsome gold ring, plain, chased, fancy or stone setting, or tortoise 2-blade knife. **SNOW & CO., Meriden, Ct.**



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Square **Upright**

Received First Prize Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876.

Received First Prize at Exhibition, Montreal, Canada, 1881 and 1882.

The great success and popularity of the SOHMER Piano among the musical public is the best proof of its excellence.

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Nos. 149 to 155 East 14th Street,  
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UNEQUALED IN TONE  
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LARGE IMPORTATION. VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH.

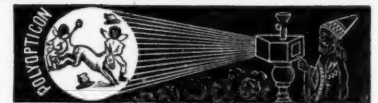
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Salesrooms at 1018 CHESTNUT ST.

Opp. the Opera House, PHILADELPHIA.

Call early for good selection and avoid rush of Holidays.



MAGICAL MEGASCOPE by Mail \$2.50

A new, original, cheap Lantern for projecting and enlarging Opaque Pictures and Objects, Photos, Chromo Cards, Prints, Coins, Minerals, etc. Delights and Mystifies every one. No end of amusement. By mail \$2.50. Wonder Catalogue FREE. **HARBACH ORGANINA CO., Philada., Pa.**



A Mechanical Wonder—Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America and it is safe to assert that no toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity. We were then unable to meet promptly the great demand that came upon us, but we shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. **The Doll has been improved in every way since last year.** Instead of the stiff German body as in all imported Dolls, our Doll has an **AMERICAN MADE BODY** with **flexible joints**, so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arms of **Finest Kid** with separate fingers. These are positively the finest bodies ever put in a Doll. **The Waxed Heads** with long hair are of the best French and German make, made especially for this Doll and they are as beautiful as life—long hair, beautiful eyes and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Dolls heads ever imported into this country, and that without the **Wonderful Singing Attachment**. **THE DOLL ALONE IS WELL WORTH THE ENTIRE PRICE.** **THE SINGING ATTACHMENT** is concealed within the body (see picture). It is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. It is a **Perfect Musical Instrument**, finely made, not liable to get out of order and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs: "Home, sweet home," "I want to be an angel," "There is a happy land," "Sweet bye and bye," "Bonnie Doon," "America," "Frohe Botschaft" (German), "Tell Aunt Rhoda," "Buy a broom," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "Grandfather's Clock," "The Rose of Summer," "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "God save the Queen" and others. **Expensive walking and talking dolls do not afford the little ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our Wonderful Singing Doll does, which is the Greatest Novelty in CHILDREN'S TOYS EVER PRODUCED and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child.** We can furnish three sizes. **1. 22 inches high, price \$2.75. No. 2. 24 inches high, price \$3.25. No. 3. 26 inches high, OUR BEST DOLL, price \$4.00.** **THESE PRICES INCLUDE BOXING.** All three sizes are equally perfect and complete, but the larger the doll the larger the singing attachment and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price; **fine embroidered Chemise, 25 cents extra.** **THE TRADE SUPPLIED.** Address all orders to **THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., No. 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.** **FINE COSTUMES** for these dolls with under-clothing lace trimmed, finely made, \$3.00 to \$5.00 extra. **SEE OUR LARGE DOUBLE-COLUMN ADVERTISEMENT OF THIS DOLL IN A LATE ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.**



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### Beauty and Fragrance

Are Communicated to the Mouth by

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which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

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When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I want my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 125 Pearl Street, New York.

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**THE PILLOW-INHALER!**



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(Being CURED.)  
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Please mention Puck when writing.

## SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

### A SAD CASE.

"Papa," she said, as the old man sank into an easy-chair after a hard day's work at his office: "I noticed in the evening paper that seal-skin sacs are advancing in price."

"So they are, my dear, so they are."

"And you know you promised to buy me one this winter."

"I know I did," he replied: "and I will keep my word. But, with the increased price and the scarcity of money, I expect it will cramp me somewhat."

"I was thinking," his daughter then said, as she clasped a pair of soft white arms about his neck: "if it would not be better to wait until next winter. My old cloak will do very well, and perhaps seal-skin sacs will be cheaper then."

The old man groaned in anguish of spirit and murmured to himself: "My worst fears are realized."

In the morning the young woman was tenderly taken to an insane asylum, where it is believed that with proper care she may ultimately recover her reason.—*Philadelphia Call.*

TALKING about ghosts, it may not be out of place to implore those who intend to write Christmas stories to spare us the familiar lines, "He could not tell how long he had been asleep when he awoke with the feeling that some one was in the room." It is to be hoped that all right-minded papers and magazines will join us in suppressing this well-worn sentence. It may be permissible to hesitate about sending the guest to the only vacant room in the house, and then to frankly acknowledge that it has the reputation of being haunted. We will be delighted over the courage of the guest who laughs at the absurd story and who takes his candle and goes up the creaking old stair and finds a cheerful fire burning in the grate. We are also prepared for the certain coming of the ghost and of the terror of the skeptical guest, but we must insist that he can tell accurately how long he has been asleep even if he wakes with a chill and a strange feeling all over him, for there really ought to be some original feature introduced into those old and well-beloved ghost stories.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Two cats in the Crystal Palace exhibition in London are marked \$50,000 each. It is easy to mark a cat \$50,000; but to find a purchaser for it at that price is more difficult than building a railroad to the moon—unless it is a gold cat encrusted with diamonds.—*Norristown Herald.*

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CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

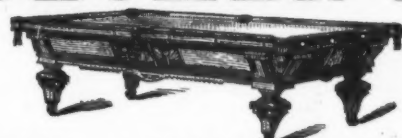
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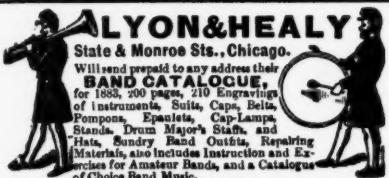
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Agents wanted in every town and city. Address as above for full particulars. Mention Puck.



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Until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a Premium, as there are no BLANKS. The three highest Premiums amount to

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50,000 Florins,  
30,000 Florins.**

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The next Redemption takes place on the

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A STOCK-HOLDER in a Western narrow-gauge railroad made a call at headquarters the other day, and remarked to the president:

"I notice that the gross receipts for October show a decrease over September."

"Yes, sir."

"Can you explain the matter?"

"Certainly, sir. In September we carried a family of seven persons from Dashville to Blanktown, and the receipts were swelled. During October we only got hold of a blind man, two cars of lumber and a dozen barrels of salt, and the receipts shrunk."

"And what is the outlook?"

"Splendid, sir. So far, this month, we have more than paid for the wood and oil for the locomotive, and if we get a shipment of six hogs, as promised us yesterday, I believe we can pay the conductor at least five per cent of his back salary."—*Wall Street News.*

THE healthiest people in England are the prison inmates, who have plain diet, regular hours, and sufficient exercise. The time may come when the physician, instead of ordering a patient to go to bed and take hourly samples of the druggist's stock in trade, or to starve to death at a health-resort, will merely prescribe "one year penal servitude at Newgate," or "three years hard labor at Concord or Sing Sing." It will go hard with the apothecary; but persons in search of health can't bother themselves about drug dispensers. And, by-the-way, when the druggists all go out of business, perhaps it won't be so hard to preserve one's health as it is at present.—*Boston Transcript.*

"CAN you tell me what Butler has ever done for you?" asked a Robinson man of a typical manufactured Democrat the other day.

"Faith, an' I can!" answered the imported suffragist: "Didn't he rejuce the price of postage-stamps? Whin he was illicit Governor, they was chargin' tree cints fur thim, an' now ain't they kim down to two cints, I dunno?"—*Lovell Citizen.*

"Look at America, my boys," said a Kerry pot-house orator: "that's the place, my boys, for wealth. Look at her teeming millions."

"Yes, look at 'em," shouted a listener: "my brither is there; he's one of the teeming millions, and he's doing his job of work for two dollars a day, and owns his cart, too, bogorrah!"—*Boston Courier.*

\*Far more valuable than those golden apples of Hesperides are the life, health and beauty of Womanhood. Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restores and preserves all these.

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GREEN SEAL (Sillery Mousseux Superieur).  
WHITE SEAL (Cremant d'ay blanc).  
GOLD SEAL (Grand Cremant Imperial).  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Universally acknowledged to be the purest and finest CHAMPAGNES in existence.



Excite the appetite, moderately increase the temperature of the body and force of the circulation, and give tone and strength to the system. They are the best for Cocktails.

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## BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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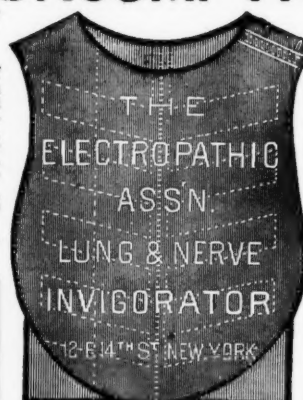
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Dear Sir—For a number of years I have been the victim of weak lungs and bronchial affection, and after exhausting physio of all descriptions, I at last found relief in your wonderful magnetic appliances. You can refer any one to me (if you so desire), and I shall be pleased to verify this statement. Yours faithfully, J. KIDD.  
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A WELL-KNOWN citizen of Detroit was walking up Woodward Avenue, one day last week, when he saw an old colored man in advance of him who frequently did chores in his family. Wishing his services, the gentleman called to him in a voice that demanded attention:

"George!"

There was no answer, and not the slightest indication that the old darkey heard him; so the gentleman called again:

"George Washington!"

Not a glimmer of recognition. The gentleman knew he was right in the individual, and was quite sure of the nomenclature; but he thought he would make another attempt:

"George Washington Smith!"

The old man turned quickly, grinning with recognition.

"Yes, sah, that's me, sah."

"Why didn't you answer me before?" asked the citizen, indignantly.

"How'd I know, sah, dat I 'se the gentleman yoh wanted? I never answer to no front name, sah; dere mout be anoder Gawge Washington; but when you put de Smith to it, dat settles de pint. I 'se all detention now, sah," and the old fellow beamed with pleasure at having settled an important point of etiquette to his satisfaction.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THREE times around an elephant's foot is the exact height of the animal. Three times around a Chicago girl's foot—but it would never do. The dime-museums have a surplus of giantesses as it is.—*Hartford Post.*

GENERAL DI CESNOLA's statuary, made of odds and ends, was good enough for New York critics until the hired menial who did the gluing gave the snap away.—*N. O. Picayune.*

JANE SWISSHELM says the corset must go. We are sorry to differ with Jane in a matter of this importance, but the corset must stay.—*Phila. Evening Call.*

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of **Angostura Bitters** half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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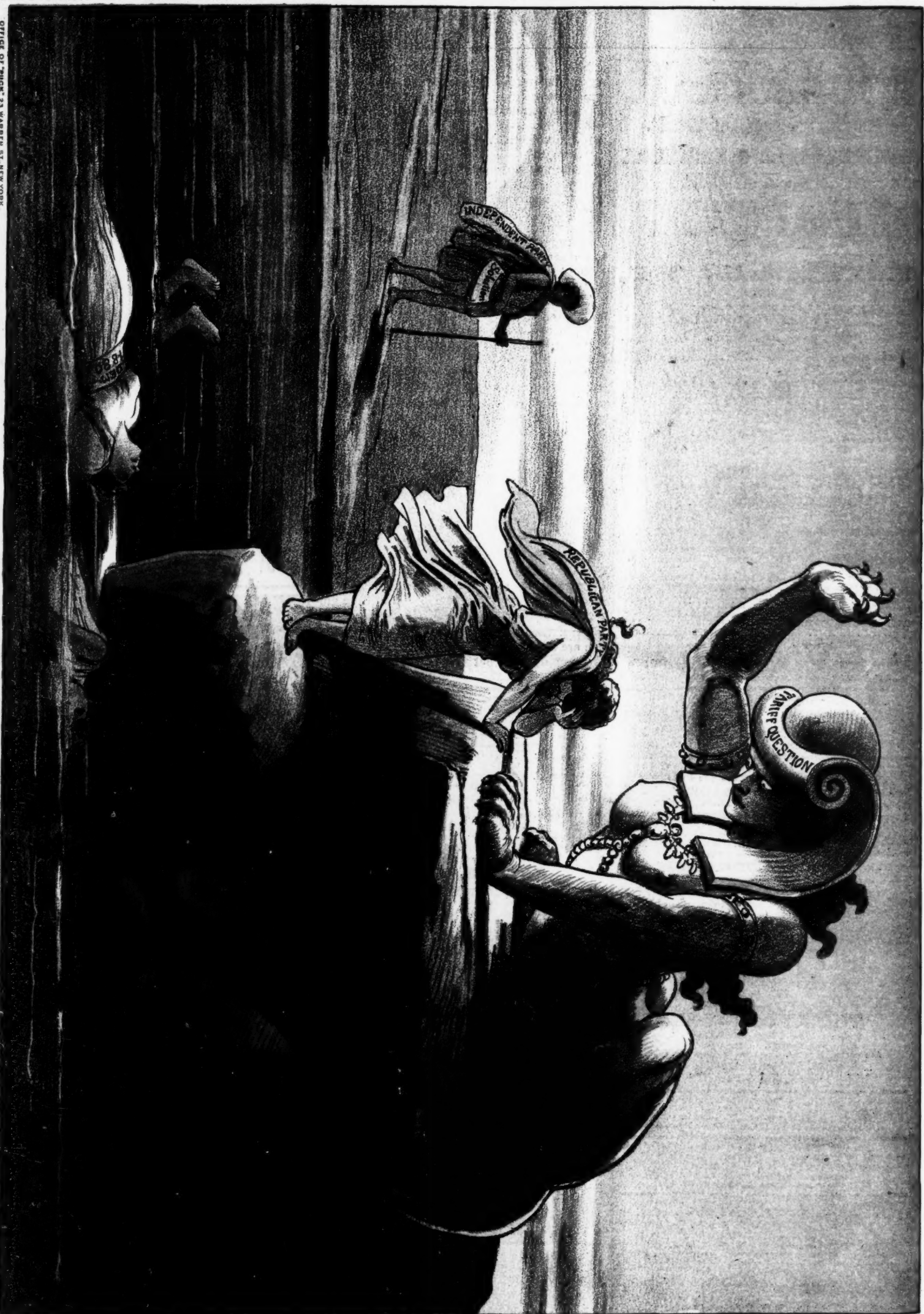
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